

But all the time another voice kept saying, "Deceive—deceive—d-e-c-e-i-v-e, deceive." And when she tried to think of telling father, as she had planned, she knew that she could never do it while that voice rang in her ears.

There was just one thing that she could do. She turned around and walked fast, almost ran, back to the schoolhouse. Then when Miss Morris understood all about it and her name was erased from the board, she started home once more. She did not skip or sing, but the voice had stopped.

She told mother when she reached home, and cried, too, with her head in mother's lap. "Now it is all spoiled," she sobbed, "and there won't be anything to tell father at all."

"I think I would tell him, dear, if I were you," mother said. "I think I would tell him the whole story."

Elsie did tell him as she sat on his knee after supper. "And now you can't be proud of me at all," she finished.

"But I am proud of my little girl," he said. "And I believe she had made me more happy than if she had told me of a twentieth hundred."—The Congregationalist.

A NEW BABY.

A baby came to our house,
Not very long ago,
And father says we'll keep it here
'Cause mother loves it so.
I didn't understand at first,
My heart felt very sore.
It seemed to me that mother
Wouldn't love me any more.

But mother took me in her arms.
Just as she used to do,
And told me that a mother's heart
Was big enough for two,
And that she loved me just the same.
Because of this, you see,
The place I have in mother's heart
Is always kept for me.

—St. Nicholas.

WHAT IT IS FOR.

He was only a small boy with a large capacity for asking questions. One day he propounded that ever new question which older heads have worried themselves over all through the ages.

"But what is the world for—just to live in?" he said, with serious eyes and an odd gravity beyond his few years.

"You go to school, don't you? And there you learn a lot of things that you need to know to make you a wise and useful man by and by. Well, little boy, the world is a sort of big school for everybody—young and old, boys and girls, men and women. In it we learn a great many lessons—some to work and some to rule and some to teach. We all have our lessons given us to learn, too, in honesty and truth and helpfulness toward each other; in being good and doing all we can to help others be good, just as you have to study and be good in school, and so can help others to do their work better than when you play and idle away your time and theirs. It is a wonderful school for us all," with a smile into the still serious eyes.

"But what do the bad people do?—they are not studying their lessons," said the small questioner.

"No, dear boy, they are the truants—but the teacher loves them, too, and wants them to come and learn to be good. He keeps the door open for them, and when they do come in they find that school is the happiest place in the world for them—when they obey the rules of the great Teacher, the Lord."

HOW THE DAY WAS SPOILED.

"Do look at the queer little object perched upon that wagon! That hood must have come out of the ark!"

"Sh! Don't talk so loud," said another of the trio of girls on the sidewalk; and the three passed on chattering of indifferent things. But the girl in the big farm wagon looked straight before her with two pink spots on her cheeks.

For months past father had been promising to take her to town, and this had proved to be the day of redeeming that promise. She was to see the wonders of the big city—the buildings, the crowded streets. Her father had even hinted that after dinner they would go to see the moving pictures. Her mother had brought out the quilted silk hood which was a sort of family heirloom, and Emily had put it on, feeling very much dressed up. And now a chance remark from a passer-by on the sidewalk had spoiled it all!

She shrank as far back in the seat as she could, afraid of meeting eyes in which that cruel amusement looked out. She was a "queer-looking object," it seemed. She had no eyes for the big buildings or the wonders of the shop windows. The market where such throngs of people came and went had no charms for her.

"Now, how about those moving pictures?" said her father, coming back. "What? You don't want to go. Tired of it already, eh? That's queer." He looked disappointed himself, this big-hearted father, who had counted not a little on seeing his small daughter's delight. "Well, if you'd rather go home, home it is."

And the little girl who had made the careless speech never knew that her words had spoiled a happy day for two. It is a pity that thoughtless people so seldom know the harm that is wrought by their thoughtlessness.—Girl's Companion.

THE LITTLE PIG THAT CAME HOME.

A farmer in New Jersey had a number of little pigs. One morning when he was taking some vegetables to market he put one of the little pigs in a basket, fastened on the cover and set the basket in his wagon. Then he drove to the nearest market town, where he sold his vegetables and also his little pig. Late in the afternoon, when he was home again, the farmer saw something coming across the meadow below his house. It was some kind of an animal, but what it was he couldn't tell. He watched it struggling along through the high grass, and as it came nearer he saw it was the little pig he had sold in the morning, covered with dust, and, evidently, very tired. It made straight for the pig pen. The next day the farmer paid back the money to the man who had bought the pig and the little pig stayed home.—Ex.